

# THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION:

407 ELEVENTH STREET NORTHWEST.  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Per annum (in advance).....\$2.00  
Single copies.....5 cents  
For sale at all the city newsstands and  
by the newsboys.

## SUNDAY GLOBE PUBLISHING CO.

W. J. ELLIOTT, EDITOR.

GEO. P. HAYES, MANAGER.

## NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

Rates of advertising will be made known at the office or by The Sunday Globe's accredited agent. The Sunday Globe is an exclusive local publication and will be found a valuable medium to reach the patronage of the Washington public.

SUNDAY, MAY 19, 1901.

## Some Criticisms.

Criticisms have reached us by direct and indirect routes. The Sunday Globe's two issues and its policy as outlined in the articles published. While ninety per cent. of the criticisms are not only favorable, but flattering, there are, quite naturally, a few growlers who put up a good case—from their point of view.

Some of these are hypercritical in their remarks and some are reasonably just. The objections to an article in our first issue, which appeared on the first page, are well taken, and the offense will not be repeated. It occurred in the "make-up" of the paper through a misunderstanding with the foreman. It should have been placed under the head "Lights and Shades of Washington," where it would harmonize with the head and the other articles in the same column. To illustrate this, let us suppose the Washington daily newspapers were to insert among reading matter on the first page the advertisements they carry on other pages of the papers—of massage parlors, medical remedies for certain diseases, etc.—the reader would be shocked and justly offended at the obscenity. In their proper place these announcements attract no adverse comment, and neither would the short article on the first page of The Sunday Globe, in its initial issue, were it placed under its designated head.

The criticisms which we declare illogical and hypercritical are those touching the mechanical appearance of the paper and its irrelevance in referring to the President of the United States in a too familiar or unfriendly manner.

These patriotic citizens tell us that they admire The Globe and like its other features, but they resent the handling of the President in "our free-for-all style." In fact, we have been guilty, it seems, of his majesty without meaning to be guilty of such a heinous crime.

To a writer and a man who has shaken the hand of every President of the United States from the great Lincoln to the lesser McKinley, it is sometimes admissible to forget that the times have changed and that we are now experimenting with the preliminary formalities, which in the near future, will be rigidly enforced as the practice of the American court and its Imperialistic-Republican head.

We shall, however, until the bayonets of the Imperial Guard are presented at our breast, continue exercising our right as the American peer of Mr. McKinley and an equal citizen of this Republic in criticizing his policy and acts while he remains a servant of the people, or until he becomes like Edward Rex endowed with that "divine right which doth hedge a King."

At present he is the most exalted public servant in the Republic, and as such we believe that we are within our rights and are not violating the canons of good taste in respectfully writing the truth of and concerning him, as a man and a politician.

The other criticisms we have heard and received of an adverse character, are of minor consequence and permit of treatment, as The Globe grows older and more familiar with its field of operations.

The good words and commendations are many and numerous, for which we return our grateful appreciation and feel encouraged by their tenor and spirit to persevere along the lines laid down in our salutatory.

The Sunday Globe, like the vintage of the gods, will improve with age, and we design to make it equally as refreshing to the intellect of the manly and honest as the wine is cheering and invigorating to the heart of the weary and the oppressed.

## The Canal Treaty.

Why Secretary John Hay should be the one conspicuous American citizen determined to bring to a settlement, agreeable to England, the project of the Nicaragua canal, is a diplomatic conundrum, of which himself and Lord Pauncefote hold the solution. The other 76,000,000 of Americans do not apparently care whether England is pleased, consents or objects to the enterprise. The American people do care and desire, however, that the work shall be commenced and the necessary legislation enacted by the incoming Congress early in its next winter session.

Every American school boy knows that the so-called Clayton-Bulwer treaty is not worth the parchment upon

which it is written. England fractured and broke this treaty when it suited her purpose to do so, and there is neither precedent nor tradition against abrogating it or any other treaty when the interests of this, the greatest country in the world, requires its abrogation to further the commercial interests of our people. The American people will not tolerate any interference from any European power in any enterprise or undertaking of which this continent is to be the theatre of exploitation.

We held aloof from putting in our shovel in the digging of the Suez Canal. It was an European affair and enterprise, and we very properly recognized it as such, and consequently put in no claim for consideration on account of commerce or any other trumped up pretension, touching territory affected by the waterway, etc.

The temper of the American people will not brook any longer delay in the construction of the canal and it will indignantly resent an emanation from England or any other European power in this purely American enterprise.

Secretary Hay knows, or must know, this very well; but, after the manner of monarchies, he thinks the voice of the people can be safely ignored by the imperious display of governmental declaration or policy. He is mistaken, of course, and simply demonstrates that he is out of touch with the real, bedrock sentiments of the American masses. The "drop of a hat" or the stamp of foot would find millions of Americans ready to enforce the policy of "America for Americans," and the European power or powers who would dare to try conclusions with us on this issue would be crushed by the valor and power of our country as easily, expeditiously and assuredly as the proverbial egg shell.

It is humiliating, although it is probably diplomacy, this shilly-shallying with England over the canal. We need but to proclaim through our Congress and executive the determination to construct the canal and make it a purely American waterway, open to the commerce of the world in time of peace, and there would be neither war nor prevention, even if there was protest and sulking. It is our, or will be our, territory and canal, as nature designed that this continent should be a hemisphere, separated from Europe or the Eastern Hemisphere by thousands of miles of water. We are the lords paramount on this side of those oceans, and not Edward VII or any other European King, Kaiser or Prince of Wales. The people of the United States stand ready to defend the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine against any power or coalition of powers, and while we do not invite war and are a commercial people we know how to fight when it is necessary, and we believe England, at least, is aware of our ability in that line.

Let the canal be dug, and the necessary legislation enacted; the American people will take care of the rest—even John Hay will be protected from the terrible claws of the British lion.

## A "Brilliant Career of Promotion."

There is a United States military barracks in Columbus, the capital city of Ohio. Time immemorial, or since the military post was established in the city, the officers of the garrison formally call and pay their respects to the newly inaugurated governor of the State. The married officers are usually accompanied by their wives. Shortly after the inauguration of Governor (now President) William McKinley the military officers made their time-honored visit. In the group were Captain and Mrs. Heistand. It was, to use the vernacular of the veteran novelist, a "case of love at first sight" between the Governor and—Captain Heistand. Perhaps "admiration" would be the more appropriate word. The Captain was so enamored of the Governor and the Governor manifested such an interest in the Captain that the latter's calls became noticeably frequent. Mrs. Heistand and Mrs. McKinley became equally intimate, and the latter being an invalid at the Hotel Chittenden where the Governor resided, the Captain and his lady became almost guests of the house.

When the second term of the Governor expired he retired to his home in Canton and started his "boom" for the Presidential nomination. This preliminary campaign was under the immediate control, of course, of Marcus A. Hanna, but the household workers were the late Joseph Smith, secretary of the Pan American Congress, James Boyle, the present consul general to Liverpool, Col. C. O. L. Cooper, private secretary to Attorney-General Knox, and—Captain Heistand, who, strange to say, still held on to his detail at the Columbus barracks, instead of following the usual custom of rejoining his regiment at the expiration of the usual two years assignment.

Now the Foraker-Bushnell faction of the Republican party of Ohio became perniciously active in opposing the aspirations of the Hanna-McKinley combination. The sinister reports which were bandied about between the members of the faction against any and everybody prominent in the combine, notably "Joe" Smith and Captain Heistand, took form and cogency: "Joe" was a drunken fanatic and the Captain was a dunkey, a parasite and—worse. But the Captain and Mrs. Heistand still maintained their touching devotion to Governor and Mrs. McKinley.

All this, however, is history, and might be open to the charge of superfluous information to The Globe's intelligent readers. But—and there is a "but"—which accounts for the recital of the foregoing and explained in detail in The Globe's point of view, as follows: Caesar's dream the night before he crossed the Rubicon. In other words, the manifest devotion of Captain

Heistand was impeached, and the design was imputed to him of advancing his fortunes by an auxiliary aid too infamous to particularize further than to state such as no officer would dream of utilizing.

The utter partisanship of the factionists in the Republican party of the State stopped at nothing. Men and women alike were assailed, the virtue of the one and the honor of the other were impugned, scoffed at and jeered. "Joe" Smith, it may be said, was the High Priest of anathema on the McKinley side and big Eli West, steward of the Ohio penitentiary, the chief murderer of the Foraker-Bushnell wing. Don Quixote himself, under such circumstances, would hesitate to maintain the great Roman's axiom, "Caesar's wife must be above suspicion." Captain Heistand was a shrewd and aspiring officer, who correctly gauged the envy of many of his own comrades and the Eli Wests among the politicians, he pursued the even tenor of his way and the devotion of his wife for Governor and Mrs. McKinley abated nothing, but took on a fuller measure of demonstrativeness.

And, indeed, royally, or after the manner of Kings, has President McKinley rewarded him. The result is "the brilliant record for promotion" with which our contemporary, the Post, eulogistically, in a recent issue, characterized the military record of Lieut.-Col. H. O. S. Heistand, recently on detached duty in Paris and at present on detached duty in China.

## Our Only Genius.

The one, solitary genius this country has produced since its settlement by white men has been its best abused and the least appreciated of its literary children. Edgar Allan Poe is one of the immortals, who will never die so long as the English language lives, and even then his fame as poet and critic will be preserved in the literature of more than one European country, notably France, where his incomparable production is justly regarded as classics. Where Longfellow, Whitman, Bryant, etc., are known to hundreds Poe is familiar to millions of the human race. Poe lived a century or two before his time, insofar as his native land is concerned, but the advanced culture of Europe hailed him as the greatest living genius of his day, and his immortality was assured by the verdict of the most polite and lettered nations of the old world.

The shock, the outrage of coarse, half educated biographers attempting to analyze his character and review the immortal products of his inspired pen have been spared the European reader, as not a page or a line of such miserable jargon ever reaches the countries and people whose men of letters know genius when they see it, and never read the insipid or pretentious emanations of mere word painters and penny-a-liners, who pose as critics, reviewers and literati in illustrated magazines and morocco-bound volumes ornamenting the shelves of sappy headed patrons, to whom they are dedicated for a consideration.

Not Shakespeare nor Milton, Homer or Virgil are more transcendently original in their heaven-born genius than the American poet, Edgar Allan Poe. His "Raven" or "Bells" would send his name down the centuries to the remotest posterity if he never produced a line of the incomparable prose which is today the standard of perfection in diction and beauty in every seminary of learning in France.

How grievous it is, therefore, to be assailed every now and again by the emanations of critics and biographers of this genius whose stock in trade is their inventive or exaggerated narratives of Poe's individual habits, his distressing domestic relations, his unhappy and struggling existence, and his sad and mournful end in a public hospital. And these writers of sensation, fiction, and dense ignorance of our one great genius are the accepted authority in the land of Poe's birth! As they proceed in the sea of venturesomeness and exploration we are regaled with developments of their wonderful researches and amused where their design is to startle by the announcement that Poe's "Raven" is a plagiarism on some early African Hottentot or equatorial Ethiopian, who published it in tree-bark when this continent was—on ice!

## What Postal Savings Banks Are.

"What are postal savings banks?" is a question of special interest to people who are discussing economical questions. A clear explanation of the system will remove many of the objections raised against them, and will make active friends where they now find enemies. The place where the small savings may be deposited is the local post-office; the real bank is the Government Treasury. The post-offices are used as convenient places of deposit, being accessible to the people in all parts of the country, and the postmasters serve as convenient agents in receiving and paying back the people's money. The Government takes possession and is responsible for the deposits and for the interest on the sums deposited. It is as if the Government, with all its power and wealth of resources, stood at each post office window in every village and town throughout the entire country offering to receive from each man, woman, and child, however humble, his or her little saving, and to keep it safe and return it safe whenever called for, increased by a certain amount of accrued interest. Every depositor thus becomes a creditor, not of the postmaster, but of the Government, and every one is as sure of getting their money back as the Government is sure to exist.

It is true that savings can be made and put in old tea-pots and stocking-feet, but it takes uncommon prudence and will power to resist the temptation to encroach upon the little sum for present needs or gratifications; then the risk of robbery and the consequent anxiety are

important considerations. More than all, money hidden at home accumulates no interest, and its use as a circulating medium and as a benefit to business men is lost. All of these evils are avoided in the use of the savings bank. Savings are not too easily accessible, and opportunity for reflection helps the depositor to resist the temptation to draw out and spend at the expense of future comfort. Better still, the active use of all these savings in the business world enables the bank to pay interest on every deposit, while the money thus deposited is contributing to the material prosperity of the country. The depositor has thus become a capitalist, and his little capital is helping to provide work and wages for himself and others. It is winning for him an additional share in the world's production.

Formerly savings banks would receive nothing less than one dollar, but the postal savings banks of England started the plan of taking a shilling as the lowest sum, and then added a device of allowing a penny stamp to be affixed to a prepared slip of paper, and when the slip had twelve stamps, receiving it as a deposit for the worth of the stamps. Thus the savings of childhood were provided for, and the postal savings bank held out its helping hand to the little people in the schools. This feature was soon adopted elsewhere in the postal savings banks in Europe, and now it has been introduced by the private savings institutions in our own country. As a result of this penny savings system, there were last year 130 school savings banks in Great Britain. Thus childhood is taught the art of saving, which is quite as important as the art of getting.

## The A. D.'s Plan.

The philosophical M. D., who lately prescribed summary extirpation of a multitude of needless nobodies, as a ready and rational means for ridding society of its surplus members, has not met with all the encouragement that he may have looked for.

The imbecile, the cripple, the hopelessly impoverished and infirm took no note of his plain proposal to hasten their departure for parts unknown but easily accessible.

Either the candidates for cheap and effective obsequies did not take his suggestion seriously, or they failed to appreciate its applicability to themselves individually.

And yet for such unfortunate, for whom life is but an accursed martyrdom, the summons to undergo scientific extinction might indeed be most welcome.

On the other hand, has not the learned doctor provoked a question worthy of debate?

If, in the judgment of and for the common interest of the strong-minded and lusty-lunged and fluently developed majority, the pitifully stricken minority should be legally removed, like so many defective cattle, why not apply the same radical remedy to the more numerous and really more dangerous class of moral delinquents who infest society? Why tolerate a degenerate any more than an idiot? Why allow an expert thief or a brainy swindler to roam at will through the realms of finance, pillaging on a large scale and upon new and improved methods, when a blind pauper can be tossed into the sea of eternity?

Why let the panderer and the debauchee ply their trade untrammelled, if the miserable and innocent victim of ancestral vice may be put away permanently because of an unwholesome personality?

Is the leper more offensive than the pimp? Is the malformed beggar more objectionable to refined society than the head hog of a giant trust who knavishly "rips" an unsuspecting litter to seek sustenance at a trough, which he has already emptied into his own expansive interior?

Let press and pulp discuss the doctor's heroic treatment for incurable diseases of the body politic in all its bearings until a just estimate of its practical value is obtained.

That many people need killing is undeniable. The question is who need it most, and would it be advisable to start in and "choke em off" before they have put the finishing touches on the rest of us?

## The Almshouse.

The Sunday Globe is deluged with communications on the District Almshouse. One of three large sheets of paper, written closely on both sides, detailing the treatment of the female inmates, cannot be used, because printers will not set up copy when the writing is on both sides of the letter paper; another is also too long, and is fully covered by the article of Mr. Blanchard.

Where there is so much smoke there must assuredly be some fire, and it depends altogether on the District Commissioners to end the agitation and save The Globe from being snowed under by the quantity of literature pouring in. An investigation and examination of the complaining inmates, ex-officers, and others interested in the institution will, no doubt, allay the agitation and satisfy public sentiment. If there are grievances calling for redress, the Commissioners owe it to the public, leaving out all sentimental questions of humanity toward the unfortunate, to immediately and promptly apply the proper remedies, even though the District may be deprived of the valuable services of Intendent Stoutenberg.

The matter is now up to the Commissioners, and the public will calmly watch and wait a reasonable time for the necessary action on their part.

Let us have an investigation by all means, and a vindication of the Almshouse officials if they are being maligned and misrepresented to the public. Nothing short of a thorough shaking up of the institution will satisfy the sentiment daily gathering volume against the management of this District charity.

The Board of Foreign Missions has discovered a starving minister in a Brooklyn Presbyterian Church and the question up for discussion is: Shall the person be fed out of the funds of the association or must every penny go to the evangelization of the Yellow Peril?

The Board of Foreign Missions has discovered a starving minister in a Brooklyn Presbyterian Church and the question up for discussion is: Shall the person be fed out of the funds of the association or must every penny go to the evangelization of the Yellow Peril?

## The Small Hotel and Grass Widow.

The murder of the young Census Office clerk brings to the surface a condition of affairs in the alleged small hotels of this city unknown and incomprehensible to the ordinary citizen. There is no greater hot bed of immorality than these establishments, which exist in nearly every block in the central part of the city. In many instances they are inhabited by women, most of whom may be denominated in that uncertain class, "grass widows," or some other kind of widows, whose title does not come from the grave of the deceased husband. Their attraction comes from the fact that while they take on the appearance of seeming respectability of respectability, a freedom or license is allowed in them which would not be tolerated in a reputable boarding house or hotel of standing.

The majority of them have a "reception room or parlor," which for all practical purposes might be discarded, as the "ladies" receive their gentlemen friends in their rooms.

An experienced detective stated to a reporter of The Globe recently, in discussing these places, that they had been the pitfall of many young men and women strangers in the city, who came here to seek Government employment. After securing employment these young people make the acquaintance of the people in the offices where employed, and unfortunately too often the most undesirable of their fellow workers are the ones that seem to take the welfare of the embryo servant of Uncle Sam most to heart. It is an easy step to induce the young woman to leave the humdrum of a respectable boarding house to come to a "hotel where there are all conveniences and so much enjoyment." If the young woman has not been well steered at home to temptation, it does not take long to work her downward, when she sees women, elderly many of them, lacking in personal attractiveness, toiletied in the richest of garments, and resplendent in jewels, who earn no more than she does.

It is impossible for the police to eradicate these pest holes, worse by a hundredfold than the notorious brothel, which can hold out no enchantment.

A short time since The Globe had occasion to call at one of these so-called hotels with a high-sounding name in the neighborhood of Franklin Square, to see a woman who was mixed up in a divorce case. The place had the regulation appearance of a reputable hostelry on a small scale. There was the little office, the youthful clerk with an insipid smile, and the reception room. Everything bore out as far as appearance was concerned what the place claimed to be—a reputable abode for people of moderate means. The card was sent by a dandy to the "lady's" room. The message was returned for the gentleman "to come up." With some timidity we followed the dusky boy to the "lady's" door. In response to a knock a female voice chirped "Come in." The door opened, and there the subject of the quest was reclining in an abandon position upon a couch, clothed in that comfortable if not conventional gown for receptions, a loose-fitting gown, generally known as a "Mother Hubbard." The woman was a blonde of the home-made fashion; not fair, but fat and forty. She holds a remunerative position in one of the Government offices by the grace of her bewitching ways. She is always gowned in the extreme of fashion, and does not attempt to hide her real life, which she flaunts in the face of the worthy and reputable women who, through force of circumstances, are compelled each day to work with her.

A rounder informed the reporter that the "hotel" was a pretty loose joint, and everything went in it as long as the bills were met at the end of the month.

A divorce lawyer stated that the majority of the cases in which he appeared had one or more characters from these "hotels."

The Globe has no desire to appear in the light of a woman hunter, but for common decency, if no other reason, let the Secretaries in the Cabinet of President McKinley sift from among that great army of women employed in the Government service these disreputable "grass widows" who too often hold up to scorn and ignominy the worthy female employees of the department.

They are as well known in the departments as the signs on the doors, and their influence is in the mouth of every man and woman in the offices in which they are employed. It is about time for the arch civil service reformers to drop the subject in the abstract and take it up on a basis of decency, making the life of the deserving self-sacrificing woman in the Government service one at least not of disgust, but a pleasure to strive to educate the little ones dependent upon her, or make the last days of an aged parent comfortable and serene.

The reformer, civil service or otherwise, is generally a gentleman with eye-glasses that see the knot on the back of his neighbors and misses the running sore which confronts him.

In subsequent issues The Globe will have more to say of this subject, and if the means can not be found to eradicate this evil some of the grass widows and their male companions will find the summer days exceedingly hot.

Philantropists, with other people's money to burn, are threatening to put up temperance bars and moral "joints" around about the New York Tenderloin, so that "When Reuben Comes to Town" in quest of his periodical strait bat he may be adroitly led astray by the angels of this New Temptation.

Reuben, and members of the fast set known as The Town Trotters, will surely holler "Police," when charged heavily with and for soft drinks, while being coddled, caressed and duly entertained by "subtleties" garbed as Salvation Army ladies.

The United States transport leaving San Francisco on June 15, for the Philippines will carry an outfit, presses, etc., for an extensive printing plant at Manila. Commissioner Taft has selected as the head of the office Mr. Isaac C. Haas, late foreman of the Interior Department branch of the Government Printing Office of this city. Prior to the late unpleasantness between the States Mr. Haas was a page in the Senate and followed the fortunes of Stonewall Jackson in several engagements.

## The Honest Farmer's Views.

"I was thinkin'" said Uncle Silas, as he tilted his chair back against the counter and swung his right leg over his left, "I was thinkin' how it ud be to let the railroad fellers and the trust chaps run the hull bizness. Might save a heap o' money and give jest as much satisfaction."

"Looks to me they come pretty near ruinin' it as it is," remarked Deacon Forkover, as he slung a scoop full of prime fifteen cent Java and Mocha mixed into the coffee mill and put the crank in motion.

"That's jest what I say. They're runnin' things for all they're worth, and we might as well give 'em the whole circus and the band-wagon to boot," rejoined Uncle Silas.

"Ye see, Deacon, its like this. We're payin' fancy prices for articles what aint delivered to us when they're ordered. I say let's let them fellers that run the Government—run it direct—so's to save salaries an' expenses. You can't pass no bill in the legislature nor in Congress if they don't want it passed, an' ye can't stop a bill from going through if they mark it O. K." So what's the use of sendin' members to Albany or to Washington? Why not hand over the hull darned bizness at once to the trusts and save the cost of the small politicians? That 'ud simplify matters."

"Reckon it would," said the Deacon, as he let the store cat through the cellar door for the night.

"They're bound to hold ye up and get what they're after anyway, and so long as the voters an' taxpayer aint got no show, what's the sense in electin' a lot of wax fingers to ofis an' givin' 'em salaries to blow in fur high livin'?"

"No, sir! If Tom Platt's able to run this State along with the express bizness, I say let Thomas do it, an' then we'll know just who's drivin'." He aint askin' no salary, an' I don't suppose he'd take a cent if the community was to offer it to him. But he works hard and he does try to please the public, and he knows how. Then there's Chauncey, his runnin' mate. They're a good team. Aint nothin' fleet enough to pass 'em on a trot. I calculate with them two haulin' the car of State, the machine 'ud run without shakin' over much Standard Oil, and we'd be saved the expense of a Governor and Assembly and a hull load of supernumeraries. I don't much keer for trusts and sich, but they've come to stay, an' we might as well put 'em to some good use as not. As for Tom Platt and Chauncey, I aint got nothin' agin' 'em. They come pretty high knowin' what's best for everybody, and I reckon they'd rather keep us out of the poor house than put us in, which is whar we're headin'."

## Morality Cornered.

There seems to be a corner in morality. The stock of virtue has been largely oversold and the speculative short interest in futures (popularly termed Great Hereafters) is unusually large. Many more or less respectable bankers and brokers have been forced to sacrifice the Ten Commandments, which they were holding as security for good behavior.

One of them, a great grand-nephew of his uncle Shylock, of Venice, has just given testimony in the Kennedy murder trial in New York, which tends to confirm the impression that Wall and Broad Streets supply the "Angels" of the Tenderloin.

The defendant's counsel used a searchlight with startling effect upon the witness, Maurice Mendhorn, who held the acknowledged position of unwedded husband to the murdered Dollie Reynolds.

"Mr. Reynolds," as he allowed himself to be known when in her society, took no interest in the first or second trials of Dr. Kennedy, but kept in the shady background. And he's the star witness in the third attempt to free the dentist of murder.

Is Mr. Mendhorn a fair sample of the prosperous brokers of the New York Exchange?

Acting upon the theory that "history repeats itself," the directors of a Chicago bank have ordained that all their employees shall be photographed, the portraits to be placed in an album in the custody of the board.

To complete their possible Rogues Gallery, these astute handlers of other people's money should include their own sanctified nags in the collection. The colossal thieving of the last few years perhaps justifies the creed that "no man can be trusted until he proves himself honest," consequently the directors ought to be pictorially pilloried for future reference along with their humble hirelings.

By the way, the idea is a boon to the photographers. "No job no photo," will be the watchword in all callings henceforward.

Washington is sadly in need of a spacious and well located music hall. Mr. Andrew Carnegie filled the void if he would, but there is small reason for hoping that he will. So it devolves on our own capitalists and real estate owners to supply the demand for an institution such as is common in all European cities and is a prized feature of many American towns that make no pretense to being art centers or seats of exceptional culture.

Col. W. J. Elliott, has launched a paper in Washington City, called The Sunday Globe. A copy is before us and it is the noblest newspaper that ever was read. Colonel Elliott while editing the Sunday Capital at Columbus, fought a street duel and killed a rival newspaper man who had slandered his family.—West Union (O.) Signal.

Opinions differ as to the propriety of women riding astride their horses, which some presumptuous equestrians have ventured upon doing. Tailors, sailors, clubmen and clergymen have all had their little say about the fashion, but the party most interested in it has not been heard from—we mean the Horse.

Throughout the country Browning has become the Bible of the box office—for treasurers to swear on when testifying to their receipts.

At this season of the year, some of the theatres are given to "runnin' empty," as the farmers express it.

# RING THE BELL!

The Clerks of the Registry Division  
of the Post Office

## FINED FOR LOUD SNEEZING

And Taking Too Much Time in the Toilet Rooms.

A System of Petty Persecution Inaugurated  
by Superintendent Kemper—The Mystery of  
the Disposition of the Fines—What Becomes  
of Them, etc.

Mr. Louis Kemper, formerly inspector in Porto Rico for the Postoffice Department is now, and has been for some time, Superintendent of the Registry Department of the City Post Office. To state that Mr. Kemper is a popular official would be fracturing one of the commandments his fellow countryman, Moses, brought down from Sinai, for Mr. Kemper is an orthodox Jew who will not eat fat pork raw, and has never, therefore, carried a musket and sixty rounds of ammunition for Uncle Sam. Nevertheless Mr. Kemper is patriotic, and stands by the old flag and the annual appropriation by Congress of the estimates for the public service, including the salaries of the employees of the Postoffice Department. These salaries, in so far as they appertain or cover the pay roll of the registry department, have been Mr. Kemper's careful study. He has walked the floor nights devising and evolving some feasible plan by which they could be reduced a little and Uncle Sam be no richer by the reduction. This was a hard problem to solve, for it appears to mathematicians follow that if the Government pays a few dollars less every month to each of its employees, there will be that much more surplus for the Secretary of the Treasury to announce to a strenuous public, in the vaults of the many million dollar buildings of which he has the portfolio.

Mr. Kemper found a solution at five minutes to midnight soon after assuming the duties of his office. He drafted from the inexhaustible resources of his "scientific" intellect a system of fines and a list of offenses which he proposed to enforce whether this country was going to remain a republic or go over to Edward VII, body, breeches, John Hay, and the Victorian eulogist of the Times. It is perhaps inaccurate to state the offenses; "imagine" was the word he wanted, but couldn't connect with it the graceful flow of our syntax without damage to its rhythm and smoothness.

From Mr. Kemper's list of offenses, for which the penalty of \$2 is exacted when one is convicted by one of the clerks in the registry department, we quote a few samples:

Sneezing with the exclamation attached of "a-s-o-o-h-e!" \$2.

Leaving the office for the toilet room without ringing a bell, \$2. This in a fair ratio with the sneeze isought to be at least \$5, as sneeze is cheap.

Returning to the office from the toilet room and neglecting to ring the bell—\$2. If in this offense omitted to "pull the string" was included, the fine might go without objections from The Globe.

Failing to smile and look pleased when Mr. Kemper jumps on any one of the employees, \$2. This is a just fine, and calls for no criticism, as the clerks are appointed for the special purpose of low towing, crawling, squirming, and saluting to their chief.

There are numerous other offenses, of course, which the clerks cannot and must not help committing, so as to bring the aggregate fines on pay day up to a figure respectable enough to attract Mr. Kemper's attention.

Now, the disposition made of these fines is what is worrying the clerks, instead of the easiest and most expeditious manner of illustrating Kemper with cuts—of their silent contempt for the filthy lucre, it is alleged, is equally divided between the Salvation Army and the Sunday preachers on the Avenue; not a stray penny in Washington gets a penny of it—the Globe guarantees Mr. Kemper in this particular.

But what becomes of these fines in reality, for it is mere pasquinade to accept the fairy story that they are disposed of as stated.

Who authorized Mr. Kemper to originate such a practice, and in what penal institution are such rules or offenses copied from? Will the Government clerk submit finally to wearing hair on one side of his head only, should some capricious or avaricious